MOTHER EARTH

Vol. XI. October, 1916 No. 8

CONTENTS

	Page
A Necessary Appeal Emma Goldman	625
Nirvana Dyer D. Lum	626
Observations and Comments	627
A Doubtful Present	629
Disgust with Military Slave Drill	631
Legal Assassination Alexander Berkman	635
Caplan vs. Taxes Georgia Kotsch	639
Birth Control in Oregon Harriet T. Chervin	641
The 1915-1916 Tour Ben. L. Reitman	643
Emma Goldman in Denver Stepan Boecklin	648
Mexican Notes Enrique Flores Magon	650
War Blessings in Russia Maxim Gorky	653
Book Review Stewart Kerr	654

EMMA GOLDMAN, - - Publisher and Editor
Office: 20 East 125th Street, New York City

Telephone, Harlem 6194

Price, 10 Cents per Copy One Dollar per Year

An Important Human Document

PRISON MEMOIRS

OF

AN ANARCHIST

BY

ALEXANDER BERKMAN

An earnest portrayal of the revolutionary psychology of the author, as manifested by his *Attentat* during the great labor struggle of Homestead, in 1892.

The whole truth about prisons has never before been told as this book tells it. The MEMOIRS deal frankly and intimately with prison life in its various phases.

$1.50, postage 15 cents

MOTHER EARTH
20 East 125th Street
New York

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature
Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher and Editor, 20 East 125th Street.
New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. XI **OCTOBER, 1916** **No. 8**

A NECESSARY APPEAL

DEAR FRIEND:—Your subscription to "Mother Earth" magazine is due ..... We hope your interest is still alive and strong enough to renew your subscription. You know what a terrible struggle we are having to maintain our magazine, that it is being published at a loss, and that the loss must always be made up through my lectures.

With your renewal for a year we will give you a copy of Wedekind's great drama, "The Awakening of Spring," or my "Social Significance of the Modern Drama." The latter will necessitate 15c postage, so you will be good enough to send $1.15. For $1.50 we will renew your subscription and give you Alexander Berkman's book, "The Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist," or Voltairine de Cleyre's book, "Selected Works," post free. For $2.00 we will give you Kropotkin's timely book, "The Great French Revolution," with renewal of "Mother Earth" post free.

I intend to remain in and about New York beginning with October, and am very eager to devote myself to the editing of "Mother Earth." I intend to run a series of most important articles on timely subjects. It will be a great encouragement to me to hear from you at

once, as it will enable us to devote more time to the magazine, instead of constantly touring the country. Please send your renewal by return mail.

Yours fraternally,
EMMA GOLDMAN.

NIRVANA

By DYER D. LUM

TOSSED on the shoreless sea of life,
'Mid surging waves of pain and strife,
Where mountain high the billows roll,
The wearied eye discerns no land,
Discerns no outstretched helping hand,
That brings not death unto the soul.

All life is struggle, life is pain,
E'en life renewed is strife again
On other seas that give no rest;
Yet, held by Buddha's four-fold way,
We calmly watch the billows play,
Though tossed upon their seething crest.

No more we plead with tearful eyes,
Or craven fears, the brazen skies,
But laugh to scorn their boasted powers;
Though demons curs'd and gods divine
Against us all their arts combine,
We heed them not—the battle's ours!

Let weaklings bend the knee and fall
Prostrate in worship to the All;
The soul of man, self-centered, free,
No goal can know not infinite,
Must claim o'er all a victor's right,
Then fade into Infinity.

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

AT the time these lines are written the sympathetic general strike, growing out of the strike on the subway, elevated and street-car lines in New York, is pronounced to be in a developing stage. It is maintained that about half a million workers, men and women, will lay down tools, after the different organizations have voted on the subject, and that in a gigantic city like New York this cannot be accomplished in a day or two.

We earnestly hope this estimate of the situation may not prove mere talk for publicity.

Events all over the country strongly indicate that the dominating money powers have given out the order: "Down with labor organizations! To hell with the demands of the workers!" From San Francisco to New York the capitalists and their organizations act accordingly. They find it quite in keeping with "social justice" that the prices of life's necessities are sent up higher and higher by the wonderfully developed methods of modern usury, but they find it outrageous if the workers, the creators of their millions and billions, demand a modest share of the huge profits. Prosperity does not mean to them decent working conditions, decent food, clothing, housing for the people, but fortunes for the chosen few, the immensity of which former generations not even approached in dreams. In order to attain this ideal all attempts of the workers to think and act for themselves must be crushed.

That is the principle the representatives of the New York subway, elevated and street-car systems—Shonts, Hedley, etc.—stand for. Of course, they have the corrupt daily press on their side. Also with them stands the mayor, who declares that the men not the companies are to blame for the strike. Police Commissioner Woods, who sends his clubbers to protect the precious strike-breakers and to run cars in the interest of the companies, is not less eager to devote his "reform work" to the best interests of mammon.

With all that, a forceful general strike would prove a stronger weapon than all these activities of the enemies of labor combined. But it must not be dictated by paltry considerations and petty craft interests. The general strike will prove irresistible if the participating individuals

and organizations are inspired in their action by the idea that the solidarity of all wage workers is the stronghold from which the proletariat is marching on for victory over all the sordid social economic forces which divide society into masters and slaves.

* * *

On September 14th Pennsylvania State police cossacks raided a meeting of strikers at Old Forge, near Scranton. A number of them rode right into the hall, unmindful of the limbs and lives of the people present. Two hundred and sixty-seven men were arrested, most of them members of the I. W. W. They were charged with inciting to riot, unlawful assembly and conspiracy. All of them are poor miners, and it was a cruel, nasty joke to place each of the arrested under $5,000 bail, making—according to the reports—the total bail of the "defendants" $1,500,000. Of course, no Morgan or Rockefeller bailed them out, they had to stay in prison. This probably was planned by the authorities beforehand, inasmuch as it was their chief aim to crush the strike in the district by sheer tyrannical force, throwing the strikers into jail and thus ending the strike in that "administrative" way, by means of which Russian czarism has sent its antagonists to Siberia, and by which it also has become infamous all over the world.

Would it not be of more advantage to the labor movement if its great leaders would pay attention to such great outrages instead of closing very doubtful political bargains with the bosses of the White House?

MOTHER EARTH will be glad to receive and forward contributions.

* * *

Henry Ford has sometimes been called an apostle of peace, on other occasions a benefactor and even a philantrophist—three odious names, indeed, mixing one up with the Carnegies and Rockefellers. He has never publicly objected, but when the Chicago Tribune called him an anarchist he filed suit against the paper for $1,000,000 damages, charging that by calling him an anarchist the capitalistic sheet sought "to bring the plaintiff into public hatred, contempt, ridicule and financial injury."

This sombre and dignified action of the great millionaire may bring some consolation to the many would-like-to-be-rich people, who are bitterly envious of monstrous

financial success and at the same time prostrate themselves before it. They get an opportunity to learn that an income of several thousand dollars an hour may easily be connected with poor taste and absence of humor.

* * *

According to a high official white slavery will have to quit business very soon. He is credited to have made the profound remark, that "white slave traffic must be wiped out if it takes the last detective to do it."

Meanwhile the latest investigation of police graft in New York revealed the fact that members of the regular police force and detectives were financially highly interested in the flourishing business of the establishments of white slavery. A goodly number of them proved to be "silent partners" in these establishments.

White slavery could be wiped out if Mrs. Grundy's mouldy morality and exploitation could be overthrown; but they happen to be the very scourge of humanity which it is the sworn duty of detectives and courts to protect at any cost from the deserved downfall.

* * *

On October 29th, 1901, a young man died in the electric chair at Auburn prison. His name was Leon Czolgosz, and he had shot President McKinley on the 6th of September the same year at the grounds of the Buffalo Exposition, for which the law took his life. Czolgosz was not affiliated with any organization, group or circle. His act was spontaneous and of individual character. People and deeds of this kind are easily forgotten. But there can be no doubt that in a social psychological sense the motives which urged him on were essentially the same as those that led a John Brown to attack Harpers Ferry, or that inspired the men of the Chicago Haymarket trial to their bold arraignment of society before they died on the scaffold.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

A DOUBTFUL PRESENT

THE four Brotherhoods of the railroad employees, representing 400,000 men, threatened to start a nation-wide strike. They had been duped successfully for years and years by mediation and arbitration, and if the leaders wanted to hold their places and "popu-

larity" they had to beware this time of repeating the same old game again, according to the saying that people resent it in the end to be fooled all the time. A strike seemed imminent, but up rose Woodrow Wilson with a message and a law proposing the eight-hour day. The law has been passed by Congress and will become valid on the 1st of January—if nothing happens to it by interpretation of the courts, by submitting it to the test of the Constitution fetish, or by a change of politics in the White House. Labor laws are very tender plants. They are easily crippled and made useless. Many of them have died of mildew. The right to use the boycott in economic warfare, for instance, seemed to be lawful, but it was a mistake. The learned judge, Charles E. Hughes, now candidate for the presidency, decided with other learned gentlemen in the Danbury Hatters case that it was quite illegal and that labor organizations and even their individual members who used it should be robbed of their treasury money, and of their saved pennies, in order to pay damages to the poor capitalists.

So far the advantage of the Wilson eight-hour day is to be found chiefly on the side of Wilson himself and his party. The political parties are dreadfully poor in ideas and issues which amount to more than a rotten fig. In this respect they are really poverty-stricken, one of the reasons being that, as a rule, only mediocre but cunning people who never are visited by any original idea of their own become professional politicians. Considering this situation, the eight-hour day is quite a hit as a campaign issue. Besides, even the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association may find something of advantage for themselves in the remainder of Wilson's programme to settle "labor troubles." There is a clause in it which provides for compulsory arbitration, and that this means a straightjacket and chains for labor the example of Australia and New Zealand has proved sufficiently enough. The labor movement of these countries has to spend most of its energies to fight the blessings of compulsory arbitration and have it abolished.

As to the doubtful character of Wilson's eight-hour law and of the good it will bring to the workers, it must further be mentioned that it makes labor more dependent and submissive to politicians. We have heard already

that the Brotherhoods are going to vote for Wilson like "one man," and that all organized workers are expected to do the same.

After the many failures of labor politics in the Legislature, after the cruel disappointments with the ballot box, after the innumerable deceptions by political parties, by civic federation and arbitration board farces, these renewed leanings toward the political pea and thimble show must be considered a deplorable reactionary setback to the American labor movement.

The test for the maturity of the labor movement is its emancipation from political party drivel and influential politicians. Only after this emancipation is accomplished will the working people be strong enough to take matters into their own hands and to gain not only the eight-hour day, but their liberty and well-being as a result of throwing capitalism and wage slavery overboard.

DISGUST WITH MILITARY SLAVE DRILL

AFTER a half dozen or more conscription bills—state and federal—have been fastened on the Republic, the question arises how to create the *conscription spirit.* The notion, that the soldier is a human being with some individual rights, must be destroyed first of all, and for this purpose what could there be more effective than drill, real Russian and Prussian military slave drill!

They have begun the game at the Mexican border and in the Plattsburgh and other camps.

A special correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* gives a picture of how the defenders of the country are "spirited" up to go through fire and water for the glory of the country. He does not want to create the impression that conditions as they exist in the company he describes are the rule all over the camp, but is himself—as it seems—of the opinion, that militarism in the end can have no other results. We clip the following significant passages from his report:

"Having been sworn at and bullyragged for a month by a young regular army lieutenant, Company —— has no enthusiasm for the Plattsburgh idea, if the

Plattsburgh idea means the particular form of militaristic tyranny they have endured under him. It is fair to say that those who are running the Plattsburgh idea have no intention that there should be such a distortion of their pet ideal, although in this case they have seemingly lacked the power to prevent it, and that is significant in itself.

"But, even though the story of Company —— may not be typical of life at the Plattsburgh camp, it is well worth telling, for it shows one form in which the military spirit is liable to manifest itself, foreshadowing a phase of it that would undoubtedly become more prevalent with the increase of militarism which would result should this Plattsburgh plan evolve into what its backers avowedly want it to become—'the entering wedge for bringing about universal compulsory military training and service.' For with the change from the voluntary to the compulsory system, with its accompanying increase in the authority of the officers, it is psychologically inevitable that there would be an increased tendency to be like the lieutenant of this particular Company ——; his name and regiment are not so important as the spirit he represents, and are, therefore, not mentioned, lest this telling of the story be misconstrued as an attack on an individual."

The member of the Company who told me the story first hesitated to do so on account of patriotic considerations, but finally decided that this being a democracy, the whole truth about a public matter is the only tolerable state of affairs, so he told the story, with a comrade to verify his telling. He went on:

"As an example of his ways—one day at field drill he was giving the Company a lesson in how to hold their rifles, and a number of the men, who had never held a rifle, in the military sense, before, could not keep their elbows at the proper angle. Whereat the young lieutenant would shout: 'By God, I'll *crucify* some of you if you don't get those elbows under your pieces!' Not once, but many times, in a particularly overbearing tone, he threatened to '*crucify*' us col-

lectively and individually for our citizen awkwardness and greenness in doing military things.

"The thirteenth squad got particularly on his nerves. The thirteenth squad is called the 'runt squad,' being made up, in sizing the company into uniform tapering from the tallest men down to the shortest, of the smallest men in the command. The lieutenant himself is a tall man, who takes long strides, and when he had the company on a march he was in the habit of rushing them along, setting the pace with about forty-inch steps, thirty inches being the regulation step.

"'And we could keep up with the thirty-inch steps, all right,' said the narrator's companion, who was a member of the runt squad; 'but we could not swing along at the forty-inch pace, and that got him irritated, so he halted the Company and humiliated us by bawling out: 'I'll be God damned if I know what I'm going to do with the thirteenth squad!' We were little men, but we were doing our best to give all we had to the cause—and we didn't come to Plattsburgh to be sworn at and humiliated because of our size by an army officer. You can take it from me, I'll never come back again, nor will any friends that I have any influence with come here.'

"'Another time,' the other member of the Company went on, 'he went up and down the line, after the command to 'dress,' picking out men who were not executing the command as well as regulars, shouting at them: 'By God, sir, I want you to get your feet back, sir!' or else, to use his favorite, 'By God, sir, I'll *crucify* you if you don't dress this line properly!

"The men in the Company have not complained except in conversations among themselves, but they look upon their experience here simply as a month wasted. They have been anxious to learn, but instead of learning anything they have simply been yelled at and sworn at until they can go through a few rudimentary movements in their positions, but they are lost in the more complicated movements and have no idea what to do if placed in a new position in a squad. At first some of us made efforts to see him outside of drill hours to ask questions and get some of our per-

plexities straightened out, but we almost invariably found his tent closed. It was plain to us by his attitude that he didn't want to see us any more than he had to.

"He has not only humiliated us as an organization so that there is no *esprit de corps* in the Company, but he picked out individuals for public humiliation. There was one man who could not keep step very well. His whole attitude showed that he was making an earnest endeavor to learn, but keeping step bothered him a good deal. The lieutenant ordered him to march five yards off the flank and to watch the guide. 'Now, by God, sir,' he yelled at him, 'you watch that guide and keep step or you'll be sent away for constitutional inaptitude!' The man voluntarily went away the next day.

"When this camp began there were a number of the members of the Company who were going to repeat the experience, but they have given that idea up now. They have gone further, and written letters to friends, who intended to come here, advising them to stay away. That is the way the kind of military spirit manifested by this officer has hurt the military training idea for citizens."

Then he added to this picture of the unpleasant results caused by this example of discipline gone mad another touch that had something sinister in it.

"One night a group of us were sitting talking about what we have had to endure form this man," he said, "and one said, 'If this were a regular organization and we went into battle with him in command, I know where my first bullet would go—he'd get it!' And the worst of it is that several others endorsed the sentiment—that is the sort of morale he has created in our Company."

It is undoubtedly true that many old scores against the spirit that sabred a cripple at Zabern have been settled in the German trenches and will be settled; and here at Plattsburgh, remote in place and degree from Prussian militarism as it is, mere child's play at militarism as it is by comparison, has already cropped out an expression, if not the actual spirit, of murderous grudge.

LEGAL ASSASSINATION

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN

OUR worst fears have come true. Warren K. Billings has been found guilty by a professional and bitterly prejudiced jury. In spite of numerous reliable witnesses for the defense, in spite of the obviously bought testimony of the State, Billings was convicted on charge of murder in the first degree. The jury did as the District Attorney Brennan asked them: they brought in a verdict of guilty and fixed the penalty at life imprisonment. This was Brennan's masterstroke of villainy. He feared there might be at least *one* man on the jury who would object to hanging an innocent man. He therefore did not ask for the death penalty, but for a recommendation to life imprisonment, in order—in Brennan's own words—"to give Billings a chance to confess on the 'higher-ups.'"

And that is the key to the whole prosecution. It is some mysterious "higher-ups" that the Chamber of Commerce is planning "to get." District Attorney Fickert twice repeated in his address to the jury that there would be some lynchings unless the jury convict Billings. And Brennan made it clear that the conviction was wanted merely as "a stepping stone toward uncovering the greater conspiracy." That no doubt as to his meaning be left in the minds of the jury, Brennan reiterated that the real perpetrator of the bomb explosion of July 22nd was not just a man or men, but members of "*the class* opposed to preparedness." Brazenly and with low cunning he again and again reminded the jury that "the class opposed to preparedness is also opposed to our form of government" and that "such Anarchistic teachings are propagated by THE BLAST."

He waved the flag and appealed to the low prejudices of the jury to "save their accustomed comforts and not permit us to return to a state of savagery," by making an example of those who dared disagree with himself or criticize the hangmen of Labor.

In short, it was a worthy duplicate of the customary cheap Fourth of July oration. Brennan must have studied Grinnell's speech before the jury at the trial of our martyred Chicago comrades. He gave virtually a replica of

it, only less intelligently. But it was effective enough for the jury of professional talesmen, everyone of them dependent for his means of existence on the good will of the District Attorney. To think that the scales of justice are in the hands of such men! That these 12 men have in their hands the life or death of a real human being! That is the great tragedy of justice.

As to the case itself, the prosecution produced the very flimsiest evidence. Its witnesses contradicted each other over and again. They had Billings dressed in a black suit, a light suit, a dark-light suit and a brown one, all at the same time. Also in as many different hats. According to several of the State's witnesses, Billings was on the roof of 721 Market Street at the very moment when other State witnesses saw him put the suitcase down at Steuart Street, a mile or more distant. They identified Billings as a man with a rash high up on his forehead, when they saw him only with his hat on—on the opposite sidewalk while the street was crowded with paraders. And in court it was proven that Billings indeed had a rash—on his knee.

The whole case of the prosecution was a veritable spider's web, as flimsy and treacherous, the threads woven by the promise of $21,000 reward, the pardoning of Mrs. Kidwell's husband from the penitentiary in payment for her daughter's—Estelle Smith's—perjury.

This Estelle Smith and a certain McDonald were the main stars of the prosecution. Estelle is a notorious *demi-mondaine*. She has an uncle who is serving a long term in the penitentiary, and her mother's second husband is doing time in Folsom prison for forgery. It might prove of educational interest for crimonologists to investigate what relationship there may exist between forgery and perjury. Estelle Smith's testimony was of the most preposterous character; it bore inherent evidence of training and memorizing. But some of the jurymen declared, after the verdict was in, that they credited her testimony!

The other star witness of the State, John McDonald, is a man-about-town of the lowest character, a dope-fiend who would sell his mother's womb for a smell of opium. Reputable witnesses for the defense proved that McDonald boasted he would convict the defendant and then return "on the cushions to Baltimore with plenty of coin."

The prosecution admitted buying new clothes for him, paying his hotel bills and otherwise "encouraging" him to do his "duty."

With entire impartiality it may be said that the State witnesses were a disreputable-looking lot, and that their evidence would not convict a louse that bit you, even if you, the bitten, were to sit in judgment.

But the jury of twelve men "honest and true" believed them. I had an opportunity to study that jury. I was in the courtroom and listened to the evidence. The witnesses for the defense—reputable citizens, veterans of the Civil War, a well-known member of the medical profession, men and women of probity and intelligence—made a splendid impression. Their appearance, their manner, and especially their intelligence and straightforwardness contrasted with the picture of the State witnesses. Friend and enemy alike felt this. The alibi of Billings was frank and convincing. The defense had such a good story that they not only completely discredited the State's witnesses and unmasked their commercial motives, but directly proved the innocence of Billings beyond the shadow of a doubt.

To every one, even to the newspaper men originally antagonistic to the defense, the innocence of Billings was clear. To everyone—except the jury.

But when I looked at them, I knew the reason. I looked at them while the best testimony of the defense was being taken, and again when the defendant's Attorney, Maxwell McNutt, was addressing the jury. The court room was crowded, and I could not get a seat. A friendly attorney invited me into the railing, and I found a place directly facing the jury box. The witnesses for the defense were convincingly disproving, one after another, the testimony of the State. Conservative men and women, Grand Army men, members of the Sons of Veterans, believers in military preparedness and marchers in the parade endangered by the bomb explosion, who might reasonably be expected to feel some bitterness and prejudice against the accused—*they* were proving an alibi for Billings. The atmosphere of the court room was tense. The innocence of Billings was being established by reliable and absolutely disinterested witnesses, conservative law-worshiping citizens. You

could feel the growing consciousness of the prisoner's innocence filling the court room. All eyes were turned on Billings. His tawny hair reflected the brightness of the sun stealing through the shaded windows. A frank, manly look lit up the young, intelligent face. You could feel the wave of sympathy streaming from spectators to the honest-faced boy in the prisoner's dock. The air vibrated with the assurance of a ringing "Not Guilty!"

I scrutinized the jurors. The one directly opposite me looked heavy, coarse and red-faced, with the peculiar earmarks of a detective. Next to him was a pale, aenemic man that looked half wolf, half fox. An old man near him was drowsily nodding his head. I caught another surreptitiously smiling, apologetically and encouragingly, at the District Attorney.

My heart sank within me. I left the court convinced that the men in the jury box *were there to convict.*

I confided my suspicions and fears to a few friends. They ridiculed my pessimism. "We have established Billings' innocence," they told me; "even the newspapers had to change their hostile tone. All the prisoners will soon be at liberty."

"Do you really think that evidence counts in a case like this?" I persisted; "McNutt, sure of his case, hardly even examined the talesmen as to their formed beliefs, connections and prejudices. I am afraid the jury is packed," I warned my friends of the defense. "Be easy," they said, "no jury on earth could help acquitting Billings on such evidence. Besides, Judge Dunne has been very fair; he would not stand for an unjust verdict."

The verdict of guilty stunned the friends of the accused. McNutt has hardly recovered yet. Even the great bulk of indifferent citizens were surprised. The majority looked for an acquittal. A disagreement was the very worst expected by the defense, the best hoped for by the prosecution. San Francisco is alive with the spirit of gamble. I heard bets made 10 to 1 in favor of Billings.

And now? The conviction of Billings, innocent as he is, means that the stage has been set for a repitition of the 11th of November, 1887. I do not want to make matters look darker than they are, but it is well for us to look the facts full in the face. Conservant with the local sit-

uation, I am absolutely convinced that the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco—as its prototype, the Chicago Citizens' Alliance of 1886—has decreed the fate of the most intelligent and militant labor men on the Coast.

Innocence does not count in the courts of Mammon. Evidence is ignored. The dice are loaded against Labor, and the legal assassination of Mooney, Nolan et al is but the prelude to the white terror campaign against Labor on the Coast.

In San Francisco, as in the iron districts of Minnesota and the coal regions of Pennsylvania, on the Atlantic coast as on the Pacific, the war of the classes is in full blast. We can't save the victims of the hydra-headed monster of Greed one by one; we can't save them individually. I see no hope anywhere, nowhere—except in the invincible arm of solidaric Labor.

But the Giant is blind and asleep, alive only in spots. Too long to wait for his awakening. Even the workers of San Francisco, aware of the terrible Chamber-of-Commerce conspiracy, remain indifferent, as a class. A few unions only have aided financially. Morally the workers are in the paralyzing grip of that worst of scourges, the labor politicians.

What remains, then? Only this: a united stand by all radicals, irrespective of philosophy, against the constantly growing menace of the reaction in this country. A united stand, and a direct, energetic campaign to rouse the social consciousness throughout the land.

CAPLAN VS. TEXAS

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

DAVID CAPLAN has become a political issue in Los Angeles.

As a whooperup of the prosperity attitude Los Angeles is the great Pacific coast cave of the winds. During the lean years through which it has been struggling its organs of business have asserted, asseverated and vociferated that prosperity perched upon every bill board with which its fair hills are weatherboarded. While the pathetic real estate grafter—a shadow of his former self—found no one willing to become a millionaire upon an

acre of sunburnt beach sand and landlords were haunted with the hollow mockery of tenantless rooms; while fruit rotted on the ground for want of a market and people who refused to live upon climate exclusively quietly suicided in the parks, the voice of the prosperity spieler was loud in the land.

Then one day the unthinkable happened: The Earl papers came out with a flat declaration that Los Angeles is not prospering; that in the past two years business generally has been forced to reduce expenses twenty-five per cent. What this burst of candor meant was that the shoe was pinching the other foot. Prosperity of the Los Angeles Christian Science what-aint-it variety came high in the way of taxes.

After that anything might happen, so Ed Gammons, secretary of the Workers' International Defense League, looked up a few details and lack of details of the enormous expenditure by the present District Attorney in the Schmidt and Caplan trials. These he laid before the squirming taxpayers through the daily papers and letters to the Improvement Associations, along with the reminder that they were expected to pungle up $40,000 more of good tax money to try Caplan again.

By this time the campaign for a 25 per cent. reduction in taxes was in full cry and the Earl papers announced in a long editorial that law and order have been upheld in the community and dynamiters punished and that another trial of Caplan would not be worth the price, the likelihood of conviction being remote.

The candidate for District Attorney supported by the Earl papers, Mr. Helms, has announced that if elected he will dismiss the Caplan case, while Thomas Lee Woolwine, present incumbent, is shouting his pure love for justice and that therefore necessity is laid upon him to re-try Caplan. He states to the public from which Caplan's jury must be drawn that he is convinced of his guilt. Unkind people say the five jurymen who voted first to last for acquittal in the former Caplan trial blurred a vision of the gubernatorial chair for Mr. Woolwine which they say he was seeking through these prosecutions.

Today I visited David Caplan in the county jail. He was suffering from a cold, but said nothing about it. He came to meet us with the same brave, cheery smile. After

his loss of liberty his greatest hardship is lack of exercise, that being limited to walking back and forth in a cell in which there are nineteen other prisoners. He makes the best of the situation, is president of the jail club in his section and seems to be regarded by the jail attaches with a feeling of good fellowship. He is allowed to meet his friends in the reception rooms down stairs. He is uncomplaining and appreciative. At the same time there is no one so alert and so keenly analytic of every smallest point in relation to his case. Asked as to making an appeal for funds he said: "No; I believe my friends are doing all they can for me. It would look like a lack of recognition of their efforts to make an appeal."

And yet he is one of our prisoners of war and he is none too well provided for in the way of defense. If Woolwine is re-elected District Attorney he will be the subject of a relentless prosecution. His having been brought into the political conflict will make him the sacrificial goat upon whom Woolwine will demonstrate and around whom the consuming flames of his passion for justice will crackle.

Caplan's case is peculiarly one in which money will count. The case itself is weak and needs only a full presentation of his defense for acquittal. It must have that because of the strength of the prejudice. It will not be a feather in the cap of the labor movement if David Caplan is left so poor a second time as to be denied the primary right of presenting the witnesses necessary for his proper defense.

His trial is set for October 16th. Anyone desiring to aid him should send funds to Luke North, editor of "Everyman," 230 Douglas Building, Los Angeles, California.

BIRTH CONTROL PROPAGANDA IN OREGON

By HARRIET T. CHERVIN.

IT appears that the trial in June last in the Portland Police Court of Margaret Sanger and six associates for the sale of the Sanger pamphlet on Family Limitation has not settled for Portland the interpretation of the word "obscene" as applied to scientific information regarding birth control. Carl Rave, a structural iron worker

and one of the defendants in the former trial, has been busy since that time publishing and selling in this city and vicinity a revised and improved edition of the original pamphlet. In his work he visited members of the various professions and of the trade unions, city officials and employees, and people in all walks of life and, in the majority of instances, met with the most courteous treatment, expressions of hearty approval and offers of co-operation and professional assistance free of charge. The pamphlet was placed on sale at a dozen book stores and news agencies and met with a phenomenal sale, with no opposition at the hands of the police or detective force. It was, therefore, somewhat of a surprise when, upon offering it for sale last week to a somewhat elderly second-class dentist (with one child and a wife from whom the court refused him a divorce) in one of the large office buildings of Portland the legality of the sale was questioned and Rave was, through a telephone call to the police station, placed in the hands of the police. And the humor of the situation was that these ministers of the law all bought the pamphlet while conducting their victim to the police station in the patrol wagon!

The case came to trial in the police court on the 11th before Judge Langguth, a very fair-minded man, but still somewhat in the throes of superstition. During the course of the trial it was evident to the Judge that it was altogether farcical and, in order to shift responsibility, he suggested an appeal to a higher court, which was taken, the date for the trial not yet having been set.

In the work in Portland one thing has been clearly demonstrated: People are hungry for scientific knowledge and will go to any length to get it. It was found in one instance that some printers, not being able to secure the pamphlets, went to the expense of printing some rough copies for their own use.

In the coming trial the advocates of birth control in Oregon desire to secure from a higher court the interpretation of the word "obscene" in connection with this work and, failing in the district court, will carry it to the Supreme Court of this State and, if need be, to the Supreme Court of the United States. Since one of the chief objects of the Portland League and its friends in the movement is to secure the repeal of adverse laws and

the enactment of favorable legislation, it is believed that this offers an immediate step in that direction, and no stone will be left unturned to force the issue. Hypocrisy can have no place in this movement. We must face facts. The dissemination of scientific contraceptive methods is absolutely necessary, and this literature is neither lewd nor obscene.

THE 1915-1916 TOUR

BEN. L. REITMAN, M.D.

WELL, another year's work, another tour is over. It was some tour. Last year when I reported the 1914-15 tour in MOTHER EARTH, I said, "It was a wonderful tour, the most interesting and satisfactory of our ten trips across the country." This last trip was by far more important and accomplished greater results.

We began the tour October 26th in Philadelphia, and almost every night until September 19th, with the exception of fifteen days spent in the Queens County Jail, Emma Goldman was on some platform in America carrying the message of anarchy.

In reminiscing over our last year's work it is not an easy task to tell our readers in a short article just what was most interesting and important. Every city had some individual and interesting experience, every meeting was significant, and each day was wonderful and eventful.

Of course, the Birth Control meetings were the largest and provoked the greatest interest and, strange to say, New York City and Boston seem to be the only cities in America where the authorities have objections to the lecture or to the distribution of "the" circulars. The same pamphlet that I did sixty days in the Queens County Jail for, and for which Ida Rauh, Jessie Ashley and Bolton Hall are about to go on trial, have been freely and openly distributed in Denver, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Chicago, Cleveland and nearly all the large cities, without the slightest interference from anyone. In most towns the Sanger pamphlets are sold openly at meetings, in bookstores and on the street.

New York and Boston are behind the time and the century. Perhaps they consider themselves too important

to do like other towns. Nevertheless, there has been more birth control literature giving methods distributed in New York than in any other city.

Philadelphia, which had been denied us for over six years, was successfully won over, and we had about twenty splendid meetings there which stimulated a renewed interest in the anarchist movement that would have cheered the heart of Voltairine De Cleyre and George Brown had they been alive.

Washington, D. C., the city of government employees, gave us twenty fine audiences. It was not an unusual occurrence to see at least two hundred members of Uncle Sam's family at one of our meetings applauding the philosophy which says "that all governments are wrong, harmful and unnecessary."

Pittsburgh, with its prosperity, where nearly everybody is overworked making ammunition to kill the Christian German and the Heathen Turk, took seventeen lectures with grace, including a large street meeting on Preparedness in front of the Westinghouse ammunition factory, and a large meeting at the Fort Pitt Hotel at a businessmen's luncheon.

Chicago, where I first met E. G., listened attentively to fifteen lectures at the beautiful Fine Arts Theatre. We enjoyed the spectacle of seeing hundreds of people begging to be allowed to pay fifty cents to hear the Birth Control lecture. Also a number of Jewish meetings.

Cleveland, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Akron, Youngstown, St. Louis, each with from one to seven lectures, all of them interesting.

Los Angeles, the beautiful, nineteen good meetings, and me in jail!

San Francisco, shades of Bakunin! On the twenty-third of July I woke up on the train at Sacramento. I bought a San Francisco paper and read of what took place there on the 22nd. I felt as I did when I arrived in San Francisco in 1896, the day after the earthquake. I found the whole town walking around on tiptoes, I saw men and women with pale, serious faces. I realized that VIOLENCE makes people thoughtful. Our San Francisco experience was awful. It was the most terrible ordeal I have ever been through during my eight eventful years as E. G.'s manager. I begged her to call off the

meeting, we still had fifteen advertised after the bomb explosion, but she would not; and for two weeks we had small meetings in a large hall where "The silence hung that heavy we were half afraid to speak." San Francisco has always been our banner town, and this time it was the same; before the 22nd there were splendid meetings, with hundreds of people, but after the 22nd almost all of our friends and comrades deserted us. No one can blame them, with the newspapers howling for blood and the police issuing statements that they were going to close up all of our meetings and drive the anarchists out of town, and with the halls full of police watching everyone who came. But we stood our ground, and before anyone in California had courage to say a kind word about Mooney, Billings, Nolan and Weinberg, E. G. raised $300 at one of our meetings in order to secure a lawyer for them.

As I remember what occurred in San Diego, Spokane, Everett and other cities, I asked myself why it was that the police and the mob of San Francisco did not attempt to drive us out of town. But then I remembered what occurred in Chicago in 1886. The "other fellow" had been hurt and was afraid and obliged to be content to get his revenge and satisfaction "legally." San Francisco taught me the dignity of violence. When "the other fellow" is hurt he is very careful what he does.

Portland is a nice town. We were arrested there last year. But this time we had four lectures, including the one for which we were arrested. Pamphlets were distributed, and if there were any police in the audience they must have paid admission and behaved themselves.

Seattle is the "daub," as they say over in the Queen's County Jail. We had three splendid meetings there, thanks to Minnie Rimer, who rented the big Tivoli Theatre and succeeded in filling it. We had many of the striking longshoremen at our meeting.

Yellowstone Park, we nearly got there, but, thanks to the strong arm of labor threatening the railroad strike, the hotel keepers in the Park got cold feet and closed up the hotel, and so we had a few days' rest at Estes Park, Colorado, instead of Yellowstone that E. G. has been planning on seeing every time she has gone by for the last twenty years.

Denver is a lovely town, and outside of New York City

our Emma has more friends and admirers there than in any other town in America (I have a few myself there). She gave her first Russian literature course in Denver, and I prophesy that they will be her most popular lectures this winter. The last lecture of the tour was the most interesting and pathetic. Miss Goldman was invited to speak at the Jewish Consumptive Sanitarium at Edgewater, Colorado. She has had all kinds of audiences during the last quarter of a century on the American platform, but to speak to 150 men and women and bring a message of joy and cheer when you realize that by next year half of them will be beyond the needs of God and man, was not an easy task. She delivered a powerful lecture on Gorky, which was significant, as the talented Russian author himself is the victim of T. B.'s. As we drove away from the sanitarium with Dr. Spivac in the cool night, and as I hear little Ben Capes and the two girls sing sentimental songs to hide their sorrow, I couldn't help but think that Emma Goldman has almost every experience that comes in the life of one agitator, and I felt sure that if our friends could have seen the smiling, grateful faces of the patients they would be glad that Anarchism has a message of joy and hope to all mankind.

New York City, the wonderful, strange town, that has more radicalism and reaction than any other city in America, gave us about a hundred audiences last season; and what splendid audiences they were. Twice we filled Carnegie Hall to overflowing. Forwards and Harlem Masonic Temple Halls were always filled. What a wonderful spirit and discussion followed the lectures! What a delightful group of workers we had! What freedom of speech we enjoyed! Even if, for the first time in twenty years, the lady of sorrow had to go to jail for a speech that she had delivered dozens of times all over America and in New York without the slightest interference, and which she will deliver in New York City again without any trouble. E. G.'s and my sentence to jail were only the by-product of our propaganda work; all efficient agitators are obliged to go to jail from time to time, and no one should expect any different. The only thing to bear in mind is, that when we go to jail you take pains that the "other fellow" learns something that he will not easily forget.

You know it's very wonderful to be associated with a vital propaganda and to have beautiful ideals, and then watch the attitude of the world towards your work. Anarchism is coming into its own. In the eight years that I have been associated with its movement I have not had any occasion to want to modify or change our philosophy or tactics. On the contrary, this last tour has convinced me that the world is moving, and that anarchist tactics are promulgated and accepted by most of the eight-hour day, the general strike, direct action, sabotage, voluntary organization, decentralization propagandists in the labor movement of today.

We were not the pioneers of the birth control movement, but we have done a great deal towards popularizing the question, and as far as I know E. G. was the first and the last to give actual methods from the platform. It is interesting to note that Margaret Sanger, who just finished a successful tour across the country, has had in most of the cities the co-operation of groups of people whom we first interested in the birth control work. Now birth control is getting to be terribly respectable. The other day, in Des Moines, Iowa, a judge sentenced a man and woman, who were on trial for juvenile delinquency, to study and apply birth control.

Everywhere anarchism and anarchist ideas are attracting attention MOTHER EARTH magazine has had its best year. The output of propaganda literature was never greater. We have not neglected any of the important issues of the day. We have devoted a good deal of our efforts to anti-preparedness propaganda. Every opportunity we have had to assist in the great labor struggle, we have done so. We have raised a great deal of money for our imprisoned comrades who are in jail all over the country, and we have helped not a few men to get out.

Yes, it was a grand tour, and the love of the ideal and the joy of propaganda has been ours. E. G. is absolutely mentally and physically exhausted and has gone to the seaside for a rest. I remain in Chicago to finish my book on "Safety First in Sex." We expect to open up our work in Chicago with a great big Eleventh of November meeting, and remain there for two weeks. During November and December we will be in cities between New York and Chicago. About the first of January we will

open in New York City. We expect to spend the entire winter in and about there. Friends who are interested in meetings will please write to us at once, as our work is growing; last year we refused more invitations to lecture than we could accept. If our subscribers will renew their subscriptions at once and do what they can to help the propaganda, E. G. will come back to the work with renewed hope and strength, and next year we will do even more for our propaganda.

In Chicago E. G. will open her lectures with a Eleventh of November mass-meeting at East End Hall, corner Erie and Clark Streets.

EMMA GOLDMAN IN DENVER

By STEPAN BOECKLIN

IN her splendid and illuminating series of eight lectures delivered in this city Sept. 11-18, on Russian Literature, Miss Emma Goldman demonstrated in the most vivid and convincing manner two truths which the writer and a number of his friends had long despaired of hearing proclaimed. Firstly, that "propagandism" is not inherently opposed (however frequently it may be opposed in the theory and practice of socialists) to the deepest artistic and cultural longings of the human race; and secondly, that the greatest artists (those whom Nietzsche, with a sad affection calls "the burnt children"), not DESPITE but BECAUSE OF, their intense, restive and emphatic individualism, are always the most sensitive to all social tyranny. They prove the most sympathetic to all revolt against an established and unjust order of things, the most passionately and bitterly resentful of every despotism whatsoever, of conventions, superstitions, moral and intellectual opiates, directed against the efforts of the masses to obtain and to enjoy for themselves the intellectual freedom, the moral and social courage for which they, the artists, have had to fight with their heart's blood—often finding only death in the process.

It was a magnificent message which Miss Goldman brought to a small but attentive audience in the Adams Hotel. Through the lives and achievements of seven men —a carefully chosen Pleiade from the heaven of Russian art and literature—one was made to glimpse, as it were, in profile the entire "comedie humaine." The resulting pic-

ture was a sombre one, every inch of it filled with conflict, oppression and bloodshed; with a superb and intrepid heroism in the face of all the cruelest enemies of human thought, human freedom and progress toward "beyondman." Indeed, Emma Goldman left in my mind a distinct and somewhat fearful impression that out of "Holy Russia" would materialize the great dream of one of the world's saddest and most invigorating thinkers: the Superman of Friedrich Nietzsche.

I made no notes of the lectures and I have no detailed memory of them. But I would like to give especial praise to Miss Goldman for her discussions of Ivan Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Anton Tchehoff and Michael Artzibashef. Her keen and penetrating analysis of Turgenev's Bazarov and Rudin was an intellectual treat to me: her method of differentiating two such closely-related types suggested the "dissociation of ideas" of the great French critic and thinker, lately deceased, Remy de Gourmont. Dostoyevsky received a most effective and sympathetic interpretation, especially through the chief characters in his novel, "The Brothers Karamazov"; Tchehoff, and by contrast Tolstoy, furnished a text for the maxim, "The artist, first and last, is an OBSERVER OF LIFE: only afterwards is he an interpreter." The comparison of Tchehoff to Guy de Maupassant was most apt: both writers are particular favorites of mine. . . . As to Artzibashef, the author of the notorious (!) "Sanine," received a passionate defence for his brusque, and, to most people, utterly false and detestable views of sex and sex-relations.

The lecture on Tolstoy was a trifle disappointing: Miss Goldman is not at her best in discussing a moralist. Maxim Gorky and Leonid Andreyev were both well interpreted.

At the conclusion of one of her lectures—on Tchehoff, I think it was—I went up to Miss Goldman and said to her, emphatically, "I am convinced that you are more an artist than an anarchist." She looked at me, seemingly horrified at such blasphemy, and declared that she was the first because of being the second. Perhaps . . . but still, I am convinced that it is the other way around!

Besides this series on Russian Literature, Miss Goldman gave three propaganda lectures at Marble Hall: "Anarchism and Human Nature," "Education of the

Child" and "Free or Enforced Motherhood." I was not present at the first of these, but the last two were both extremely worth while and well-attended. The "Gary Plan" of child education was given a fine raking over the coals of Emma Goldman's wit and satire; and in her talk on birth-control she said some of the finest things I have heard on this vexed question since Mrs. Sanger spoke here. Although, in deference to the mental level of the audience, she had to utter many opposite common-places: which I am sure she detests as much as I do.

If my own feelings in the matter are any criterion at all, Emma Goldman would be given no rest until she had determined to make Denver her residence for at least half of the year. However, since this is not to be so, there can be nothing left but for me and all "kindred spirits" to follow *her!*

MEXICAN NOTES

THE new Mexican tyrant, Venustiano Carranza, is ready to make good his barbarous decree of August 1st. Twelve workingmen and women were brought before Court Martial in Mexico City for going on strike to wrest a larger crust of bread out of the clutches of their exploiters. Eleven of them were found not guilty, while the twelfth, Ernesto H. Velasco, was made the scapegoat, found guilty of treason and rebellion and sentenced to be shot.

To be shot.....just for begging in a most peaceful way for a larger piece of bread for his starved children! That is the paternal First Chief whom Edmund E. Martinez boosts to the skies in a lying article published in the September issue of THE MASSES. That is the way that Carranza supports and uplifts the Mexican working class. That is his way to lead them to their true liberty. Now Velasco is in the hands of the military authorities pending execution. This act of the so-called radical government of Carranza is a good lesson, not only for the Mexican peon, but for the slaves of the world over. It will teach the disinherited of the world that they never should expect their liberation from the hands of their masters or that of a government, no matter how radical it might pretend to be, nor should they expect their emancipation through begging and clamoring for social justice. He who begs is looked upon with contempt.

Painful as it might be, horrible as it might appear to many of us, history teaches us with Jefferson that "we cannot expect to pass from Despotism to Liberty in a feather bed" and that "the tree of Liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of libertarians and that of tyrants, for it is its natural manure."

* * *

Moloch, the bloody god of Capitalism, has claimed another victim.

Eugenio Alzalde has been murdered by a Texas prison guard.

It will be remembered that on September 11th, 1913, J. M. Rangel, Charles Cline, Eugenio Alzalde and 14 other comrades, all Mexicans but Cline, who is an American, were assaulted in the neighborhood of Carrizo Springs Tex., by a gang of ruffians, upholders of law and order, who, without warning, murdered Silvestre Lomas. Our comrades then took as prisoners two of their assailants, Deputy Sheriffs Eugene Buck and Candelario Ortiz, with the idea of releasing them at the border on their way to Mexico, whither they were going to offer their very lives for the emancipation of the working class fighting under the Red Flag of "Land and Liberty."

On September 12th Officer Ortiz hung back of the others of the group until he and his guard, José Guerra, were far in the rear. Suddenly Ortiz attempted to grab Guerra's gun and club him to the ground. A scuffle ensued and Guerra, in self-defense, killed Ortiz, before the others could interfere. During the day a group of officers appeared, demanded the surrender of Buck, a parley was held and the officers entered into a written agreement, signed by Jesse J. Campbell, to the effect that the group of workers would be allowed to continue toward Mexico undisturbed. Then Buck was surrendered.

The sun had not yet risen on the morning of September 13th, while the group of toilers were still asleep, secure on Campbell's pledge that they would be left unmolested, when all of a sudden, without even a demand for surrender, Campbell, Buck and a large posse of professional murderers and savage cowboys poured lead on our unwarned comrades.

Juan Rincón, Jr., was killed and J. A. Cisneros and L. L. Vásquez badly wounded. The others were taken pris-

oners, and José Guerra, the one who in self-defense killed Ortiz, mysteriously disappeared. It is said that he was murdered by Buck and Campbell to avoid his saving the other workers with his confession of having killed Deputy Sheriff Candelario Ortiz; the same charge was made against all the other fourteen workingmen, they were thrown into jail and speedily railroaded to the penitentiary, several of them for life and others to serve different heavy terms, although innocent.

J. A. Serrato succeeded in breaking away from the penitentiary. He is now a happy man fighting for Land and Liberty in the southern Mexican mountains, while the others, less fortunate, are being murdered one after the other at the hands of their guards.

Lucio R. Ortiz, for instance, was murdered in Camp No. 1, at Perry Landing, Tex., a year ago, September 2nd, 1915, just because instead of looking forward he turned his head to look at the face of his assassin who spoke at his side while he was in line of march. His murderer never has been bothered.

And in the middle of last August our comrade, Eugenio Alzalde, was murdered at the Penal Camp No. 3, at Perry Landing, Tex. In this respect our correspondent says: "Alzalde was killed by a blow in the back of his head with an iron bar, delivered by a mirmidon because Alzalde could not work any longer." These few words contain a great tragedy! That is the fate that awaits Rangel, Cline and the others still alive if nothing is done for them! And yet the upper classes raise a howl at the sight of the dagger or the revolver of a Czolgosz, a Caserio or a Pardiñas!

Still the cattle-like masses cling to the stupid idea that authority is instituted to impart justice and to protect the weak from the strong. Still they turn their sheep-like eyes to their masters begging for justice!

In the face of such crimes of those in power, the time approaches closer when the workers of this country will be forced by circumstances to leave their tools and take to the liberating gun and sword.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON,
Editor of "Regeneracion."

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 20th, 1916.

WAR BLESSINGS IN RUSSIA

ABOUT the present spirit in Russia, developed by the war, Maxim Gorky writes in a correspondence to American newspapers:

Since the day when we were deprived of vodka we began to become intoxicated with words.

Love for loud, well-sounding words has always been characteristic of Russians, but the abuse of words has never spread over Russia in such a wide stream as it has spread since the beginning of the war.

Boasting of Russia's might, of the "disinterestedness of the Russian soul" and of old qualities peculiar to us alone —this boasting in verse and in prose was deafening, like the tolling of Moscow bells.

And, as has always been the case, in moments of a catastrophe, the scoundrels shouted loudest.

Now it has become clear, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that in the world's misfortune, which is the most tragic for Russia, we demonstrated, and are now demonstrating, the least amount of feeling and virtue as citizens.

I suppose it is not necessary to submit proofs as to our social decay and rottenness, these proofs are in evidence before our eyes.

Plunder is everywhere in Russia, the most shameless thievery, debauchery, wild orgies, everybody knows about these excesses.

Making enormous sums of money, without hard work, without worry, the dram shops and the theaters are packed to overcrowding.

A passionate mania has developed for luxuries.

The jewelers are doing a thriving business. There are people who, striving to console themselves and others, say that such orgies are going on also among our enemies and our allies.

Of course, there are everywhere plenty of shameless thieves and grafters who are richly bred and fed by the war.

But I have good reason to know that to citizens of Western Europe, even to our enemies, the word "fatherland" has a definite significance that Russians cannot feel. For they are not citizens, not masters of their land, but

merely dwellers, subjected on every side to the will of others.

In Russia our functionaries are stealing more extensively and more shamelessly than in any other war country.

Several years ago the Russian people made an elemental but powerful effort to unfasten their hands, to open their mouths.

The effort resulted in failure; nevertheless, it should be valued highly, for it was the first expression of the will of the people in all our history.

We are leading a very bad, horribly unclean, dishonest and cold life. It is necessary for us to exert our power of will in order that we may be able to stand up and as a united people take up the work of self-defense against the enemies nearest us.

BOOK REVIEW

THE SMALL FAMILY SYSTEM*

THIS book is a discussion of the question, "Is artificial restriction of the size of families injurious to health and morality?" It is written in a concise yet comprehensive style, and its dispassionate treatment of the subject will commend itself to all who wish to study the claims advanced on both sides in an unprejudiced frame of mind. The scope of the book is indicated by the following list of titles of the chapters into which it is divided: I.—Opinions of Medical Authorities; II.—Opinions of Clerical Authorities; III.—Conduct of Authorities; IV.—The Public Health—Birth, Death, and Infantile Mortality Tables, England, Germany, France, Holland, Australia, and New Zealand; V.—Do Preventive Methods Cause Cancer? VI.—Morality, Crime, Alcoholism, Pauperism, Sex Morality, Divorce, Illegitimacy, Disease; VII.—General Conclusions; VIII.—Family Limitation and Social Reform; IX.—The Judgment of the Hungarian Medical Senate. The value of the book is much enhanced by 13 diagrams illustrating the groups of facts treated. Altogether aside from its brief and lucid presentation of the subject the book is a model of controversial style.

*By C. V. Drysdale, D. Sc. (Lond.) Price $1.00; 10 cents postage.

Though the author is profoundly convinced of the advantages, individual and social, of the small family system, his views are advanced with entire absence of extravagant statement, and his opponents are extensively, even generously, quoted. The controversialist in a field like this where prejudice and reason are so violently opposed is apt to destroy his power of persuasion by a pardonable vigor of expression, but not once in this book does the author lose his poise, and the result is a calmly scientific, non-irritating, yet convincing treatment of the subject. No *a priori* "what-would-happen-if" arguments are employed; instead, the author simply points to facts as they exist where the restriction of size of families has been practiced. He reasons from solid facts, cold governmental figures, and sad havoc these make of the theories opposing the artificially limited family on social or moral grounds. It is not a sensational book, nevertheless, it holds surprises even for many passing as well informed. We heartily recommend it.

STEWART KERR.

BIRTH CONTROL COLLECTIONS.

E. G. meetings, Cleveland	$29.50
E. G. meetings, Denver	39.00
E. G. meetings, Los Angeles	39.36
E. G. meetings, Oakland	10.70
E. G. meetings, San Francisco	18.80
E. G. second meeting, Denver	8.00

($25.00 sent to Van Kleek Allison, Boston, for B. C. trial.)

COLLECTIONS MAGON BROS.

E. G. Jewish meeting, Cleveland	$16.50
E. G. meetings, Los Angeles	65.02
Los Angeles Social	46.00
San Francisco	20.00
Social	21.50
Per Van Herrick	1.00

(Money forwarded.)

C. & S.

Social, Los Angeles	$43.70
Social, San Francisco	23.00

(Money sent to them.)

DEFENSE FUND SAN FRANCISCO LABOR PRISONERS.

Collected by Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman.

Collected at E. G. San Francisco lectures:

J. Lizzul	$10.00
Miss Buckbee	5.00

A. Feinberg	2.00
T. Mishkin	1.00
Sophia Rosenthal	2.00
Schwab	1.00
S. Rosenthal	5.00
A friend	1.00
A. Engel	2.00
M. Leon	1.00
B. Goldblatt	1.00
J. Thorsen	1.00
Esther Bercovitz	5.00
J. L. Wright	5.00
Bessie Kimmelman	5.00
A friend	1.00
A friend	1.00
Mrs. Rose	.50
Pierson	2.00
J. Nielsen	2.00
Anna Lawson	2.00
A friend	2.30
Collected by A. B. at Oakland Picnic	17.20
A friend	25.00
Collection per E. G., Seattle and Portland	18.65
Dr. Rose Fritz	5.00
Miss A. B.	200.00
Chas. Fisher, per Rosenthal	5.00
G. Barazzone and friends, West Frankfort, Ill.	1.50
H. G. Hanlon, Hood, Calif.	3.00
Mary and Stephen Furch	10.00
A. Bers, San Francisco	2.00
Joseph D'Angelo, Wilmington, Del.	1.00
M. E. Fitzgerald	5.00
Loan from friend, per A. B.	1,000.00
M. K. Serailian, San Francisco	5.00
A friend	2.50
A friend	2.00
E. G. meeting, Denver	22.00
Total	$1,382.65

Turned over to the defense by Alexander Berkman:

Per E. B. M.	$100.00
Per Robert Minor, Treas.	200.00
Per Robert Minor, Treas.	1,000.00
To prisoners per R. M.	25.00
To Ada Nolan	11.00
Per Robert Minor, Treas.	10.00
Per Robert Minor, Treas.	14.65
Total	$1,360.65

EMMA GOLDMAN,
ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

September 15, 1916.

Are you really opposed to the war and are you anxious to do anti-military propaganda? Then help spread

Anti-Military Literature

Preparedness, the Road to Universal Slaughter
By Emma Goldman, 5c. each, $2.50 a hundred

Patriotism, a Menace to Liberty
By Emma Goldman, 5c. each, $2.50 a hundred

War and Capitalism
By Peter Kropotkin, 5c. each

The Last War
By George Barrett, 5c. each

The Best Literature on Birth Control:

(None give actual methods)

"MOTHER EARTH," April issue, price 10c, postage 1 cent

"The Sexual Question," By August Forel Price	$1.50	15c
"The Limitation of Offspring," By Dr. William J. Robinson	1.00	10c
"The Small Family System," By Dr. C. V. Drysdale	1.00	10c
"The Right To Be Well Born," By Moses Harman	.25	5c
"What Every Mother Should Know," By Margaret Sanger	.25	5c
"What Every Girl Should Know," By Margaret Sanger	.25	5c
"The Awakening of Spring," By Frank Wedekind (paper)	.50	5c

Send $5.00 to Mother Earth and get the whole set postpaid.

ANARCHIST AND SEX LITERATURE

FOR SALE BY

MOTHER EARTH, 20 East 125th St., New York

By EMMA GOLDMAN

		Postage
Anarchism and Other Essays (with Biography)	$1.00	.10
Social Significance of the Modern Drama	1.00	.15
Anarchism and What It Really Stands For	.10	
Syndicalism	.05	
Preparedness	.05	
Patriotism	.05	
Marriage and Love	.10	
Philosophy of Atheism and Failure of Christianity	.10	

By PETER KROPOTKIN

The Great French Revolution, 1789—1793	$2.00	.20
Mutual Aid	.50	.15
Memoirs of a Revolutionist	2.00	.20
Conquest of Bread	.50	.05
Fields, Factories and Workshops	.50	.05
Modern Science and Anarchism	.25	
Anarchist Communism	.05	
The Commune of Paris	.05	
Russian Literature	1.50	.15
War and Capitalism	.05	
An Appeal to the Young	.05	

Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist, by ALEXANDER BERKMAN	1.50	.15
Selected Works, Biography, Poems, Essays, and Stories, by VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE	1.00	.15
God and the State, by MICHAEL BAKUNIN	.25	
Anarchism—An able and impartial study, by PAUL ELTZBACHER	1.50	.15
The Ego and His Own, by MAX STIRNER	.75	.15
Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists	.75	.10
Liberty and the Great Libertarians, by CHARLES T. SPRADING	1.50	.15
The Science of Society, by STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS	1.50	.15
Anarchism and Malthus, by C. L. JAMES	.05	
The Right to Ignore the State, by HERBERT SPENCER	.05	
What Is Property? by P. J. PROUDHON	2.00	.15
Free Speech for Radicals, by THEODORE SCHROEDER	1.50	.10
Evolution and Revolution, by ELISEE RECLUS	.05	
The Bomb, by FRANK HARRIS	.75	.15
Plays by HENRIK IBSEN (paper cover), each	.25	.05
Plays by AUGUST STRINDBERG (paper cover), each	.40	.05
Plays by BERNARD SHAW (paper cover), each	.40	.05
King Hunger, by LEONID ANDREYEV	1.00	.15
Plays by GALSWORTHY, each	.60	.10
Works of FREDERICK NIETZSCHE, each	1.75	.15
The Origin and Ideals of the Modern School, by FRANCISCO FERRER	1.00	.10
A Vindication of Natural Society, by EDMUND BURKE	.25	.05
News From Nowhere, by WILLIAM MORRIS	.25	.05
What Every Girl Should Know, by MARGARET SANGER	.50	.10
What Every Mother Should Know, by MARGARET SANGER	.50	.10
Songs of Rebellion, by ADOLF WOLFF	1.00	.10
History of the French Revolution, by C. L. JAMES	1.50	.10
Limitation of Offspring, by DR. WM. J. ROBINSON	1.00	.15
The Sexual Question, by AUGUST FOREL	1.50	.15